THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
VOLUME II
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JULY 31, 1929

FIVE CENTS

Paul Flanders
Drawer 2

INDIANS AND TOTEM POLES
linoleum cut by Bruce Inverarity

THE KIRCHWEY DINNER

Dr. George W. Kirchwey, former Dean of Columbia Law School and once Warden of Sing Sing Prison, will be the guest of honor and the speaker at a Carmelite dinner to be held this Saturday evening August third at La Ribera Hotel.

His mind is one of the most constructive of those which have in the last generation given themselves to the study of the body of the law and its administration. Like Dean Pound of the Harvard Law School, and Judge Louis D. Brandeis of the United States Sureme Court, he has striven to stretch the boundaries of judicial imagination to make the law of more fundamental human service.

To the gravity of his subject he brings a whimsicality and a pungent humor. Dean Kirchwey has lived, striven, and laughed. Dinner will be at seven fifteen. Tickets and reservations, a dollar, may be had at the Carmelite office and at La Ribera. Hearers are welcome after dinner when the speaking begins, at about eight.

SECOND WEDNESDAY MORNING RECITAL

Lawrence Strauss, singer, and Harold Griffin, pianist, will be heard next Wednesday monring the seventh in the second of the series of morning recitals at La Ribera. Following is the program:

I

Bach-Busoni Chaconne
Harold Griffin

II

Brahms Wir Wandelten
Ach Wende Diesen Blick
Botschaft
Lawrence Strauss

III

Schumann Toccata
Debussy Reflets dans l'Eau
Harold Griffin

IV

Four modern songs
Lawrence Strauss

Carmel News . .

THE TIME IS NOW

The County Board of Supervisors will meet next Monday to present in open hearing the budget needs of the county as they estimate them. At this meeting it will be proper to present publicly evidences of popular demand for a completer county social service administration. This would begin with the building of a detention home and continue with an expert survey of social service needs of the county, with recommendations to be put into effect as soon as the social conscience of the county can be awakened.

Our present social service staff in Monterey County has so many cases to handle that it can scarcely be criticized for being unable to do its job completely. But standards in the profession of social work have moved in the last few years. Nowadays **no case is completed until the problem of that individual has been solved.** The number of unsolved cases,—Dependents, Defectives, Delinquents,—in Monterey County, is an indication of the burden borne by an inadequate department.

Only a competent and unimpeachably impartial survey of our social service needs, made by competent social workers professionally trained, can make an authoritative statement of such needs.

Until we have such a statement, we muddle about in the dark.

ALMOST LOST, ONE CHILD

Carmel has now had an almost-kidnapping to add to everything else.

Little Frances Passailaigue, four-year old daughter of Mr. Emile Passailaigue of Charleston, South Carolina, visiting her aunt, Mrs. Phil K. Gordon, was playing in the garden on Saturday afternoon. Her mother heard a terrific scream and rushed out to see a person about to lay hands on her child. Mr. Passailaigue hastened to town and charged up and down Dolores Street sending cars, motorcycles, and the populace, in all directions hunting the child, the kidnapper or both.

The police arrived. They investigated. The child had been rescued. The kidnapper had disappeared, leaving no trace. There was no apparent reason why anyone should want to kidnap the child. Evidently what really happened was that one of the many boys and girls who play on the dunes below Mrs. Gordon's house had climbed over the top, frightening the child into hysterics, and giving every appearance of being a kidnapper. Terror and confusion and noise completed the picture. Fortunately it was no more serious.

BUHLIG TICKETS ON SALE

Season tickets to the Buhlig concerts on August 19, 22, and 26 may be had at the Village Bookshop, from Dene Denny, Mrs. Charles Sumner Greene, Mrs. Henry Dickinson, Mrs. John Bathen, or Hazel Watrous of the Carmel Press. The season price for the three evenings is three dollars.

Richard Buhlig's immense mentality and radiating personality combined with his musical integrity, offer three evenings of musical history in Carmel. Bertha McCord Knisely's comment in the Los Angeles "Saturday Night" of June 15, 1929, when she speaks of Buhlig's playing of the Mozart Concerto with symphony orchestra as "an extraordinary event in an extensive cycle of concerts," might have been written regarding Carmel's opportunity to hear intimately great music from great artists in studio affairs.

She says: "The virtuosi of our day, great musicians as they may also be, unquestionably lose, in their necessary conformation to commercial demands, much of the devout approach to interpretation which differentiates the **artist** from the skilled craftsman. We rarely feel in the concert artist that close communion between creator and interpreter which produces the ultimate art-expression within his capability. For a better approach to the ideal interpretative concert I think small audiences should be organized for such deeply truthful artists as Richard Buhlig, to the end that Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, for example, might occasionally be presented in an aura of understanding."

It is this rare understanding or sympathy between work, artist, and audience that the August Buhlig concerts will bring.

CARMEL IN THE MOVIES

And Carmel flocked to see itself. All of Carmel, with its cousins, aunts, and guests, filling the Theatre of the Golden Bough again and again. Not that you can't see Lobos by driving out a few miles; or your friends in the postoffice at mail time. But to have achieved the immortality of the screen . . . that's something to bring the family to see.

The worst of it was, that having come to see yourself there among the extras, you were lost in the milling crowd and nobody knew you. Not you, or Virginia Tooker, or Stanley Wood, or Caroline Blackman, or anyone. It seemed to be all Dolores.

So you resigned yourself to having achieved your immortality in an abstract and impersonal way, and give yourself to the peculiar satisfactions of your recognitions of Lobos as a background.

Will Lobos ever be the same again?

Are we going, when showing off the sights of the peninsula to guests from the east, to say in an off-hand tone, "O yes, this is where they filmed 'Evangeline,' you know. Yes, right over there behind those trees. O yes, we had a great time together, we and Dolores."

Or will the scape of land and sea keep its own timelessness, beyond the immortalities of "Evangeline" and Dolores and the burned sets of the Village of Grand Pré?

FIGHTING IRISHMAN

Frank Sheridan is in the south in the thick of a big fight.

The Actors' Equity is a union of moving picture actors now making a strong protest against conditions in the motion picture industry. They publish a weekly paper and are holding many meetings. Underpay, intolerably long hours (sixteen at a stretch not unusual) exhausting working conditions (for example, a temperature of a hundred and twenty degrees,) and a generally demoralized relation between producers and workers, are the causes of dispute. Producers have so far refused to make any statements or even to consider discussion of the issues with the Equity Council. The union is urging arbitration as the way out. It has some three thousand members, including a skyful of stars.

The Hollywood Filmograph, their official Equity publication, reports energetic speeches made at meetings by Frank Sheridan.

Sixty chorus girls recently went on strike and "walked out" in protest at exhaustive working conditions.

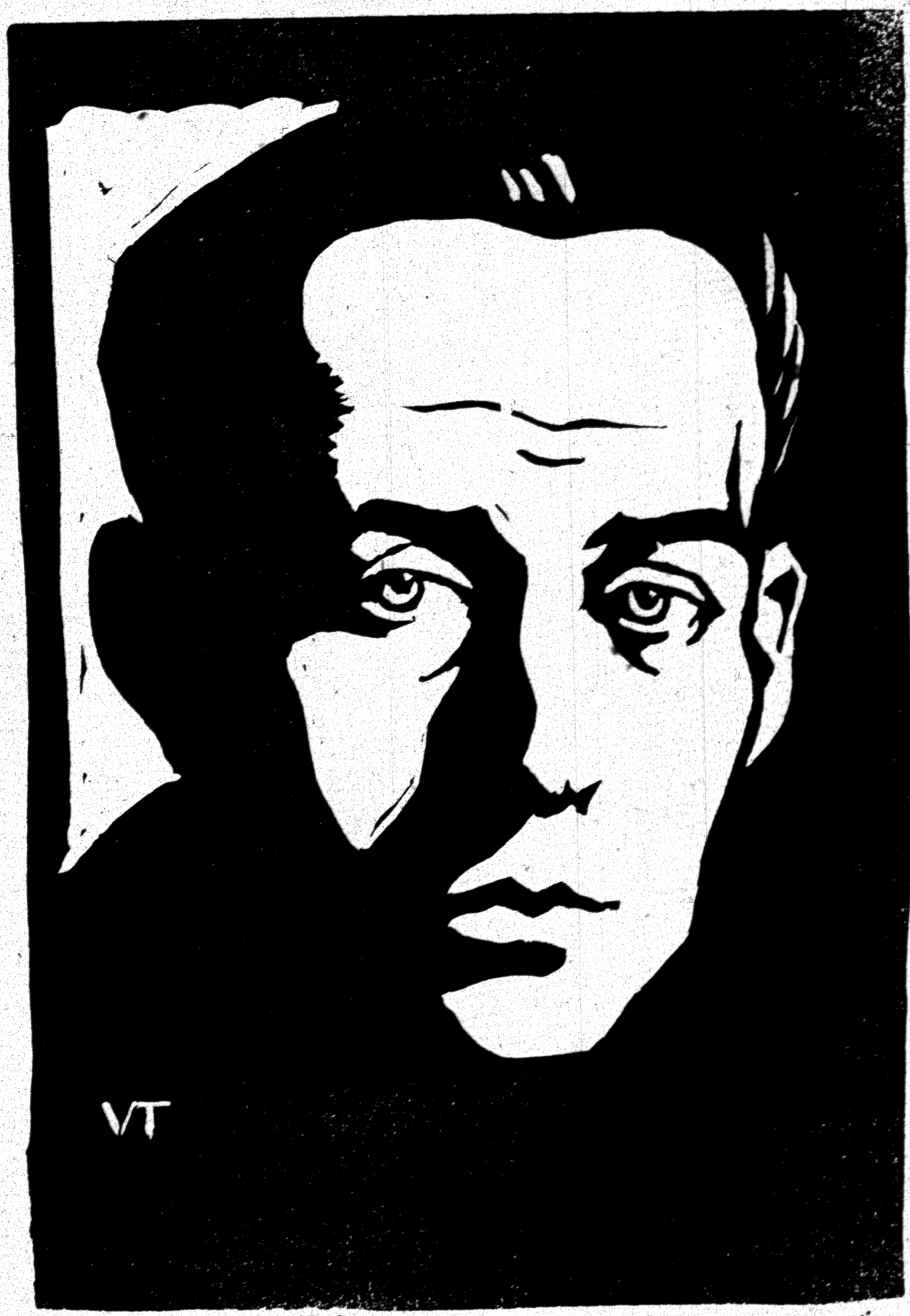
IN THE LITTLE GALLERY OF MONTEREY

are now on exhibition paintings by Jeannette Maxfield Lewis. The Little Gallery is reached through the Indian Craft Shop, itself a work of compositional and selective art, in an old adobe at Tyler and Pearl Streets, Monterey. The Gallery is open from ten to three.

CONVALESCENT

Young Cyril Delevanti continues to rest well in hospital, recuperating from his gun-shot accident.

John Rockwell, whose recent grave injury to his arm was greatly complicated as a problem in surgery by loss of blood, is mending. His blood count of twenty has now risen to sixty. When it has reached a safer level, a further very delicate surgical attempt will be made to restore to him the use of his arm.



—linoleum cut by Virginia Tooker

RUDHYAR RETURNS

Rudhyar has returned to Carmel after almost a year of activity in the middle west and in the east.

The reception given to the new musical ideas of which Rudhyar as composer and lecturer is representative, is significant.

We may think of the Middle West as the least progressive part of our country in musical attitude and production. In Kansas City, however, Rudhyar spoke to a large audience of the Pro Musica Society. He discovered many of the group who were eager with questions and who were alive and intelligent in their search for an interpretation of present day movements.

The same evidences opened to him in Chicago. There organized art seems quite meaningless and dead. Opera, symphony etc, are a social form and there is no other movement afoot.

Rudhyar spoke and played before the Chicago Pro Musica Society and was received with enthusiasm and a desire for an expression of life clearly directed toward an arousal and regeneration of the spirit; for an understanding of how the unbounded chaotic energies of our generation may be thus directed.

In New York Rudhyar found the same sense of need in small groups and in many individuals. Organized art is in an equally devitalized condition. Individuals are rebelling against personal adulation and meaningless performance. The possibility of what this utter dissatisfaction may become is worthy of serious consideration. Art, as handed to the people, is totally inadequate,—no more than a form of entertainment which it is socially correct to patronize. But in New York there are the beginnings of a definite struggle. On the surface in the large centers of art and social life chaos and discouragement reigns. People are groping and doubting and helpless to get a clue from the numberless tendencies and experiments and strange modern productions. There is nothing to believe in. No life to be experienced in what is given and discussed. But seeds are planted in the brown fall earth and break in the darkness because the sun pulls.

—G. M.

Personal Bits . . .

Eunice Gray has preceded her departure for Illinois by a visit of some weeks' duration in Palo Alto, where she lectured last week on the Peace Work of the W. I. L. and the National Council for the Prevention of War.

There is something of a Carmel colony, she reports, there in the neighborhood of the Castelejia School,—the Smits, the Spoehrs, the Smiths, and the Youngs.

Fortified by an anonymous legacy of heartening dimensions, Viola Worden left this week for Berkeley. There she will open her new studio, in the old school building which was for a long time John Gerrity's studio,—and re-enter the field of the dance.

■ ■

At the Stanford Art Gallery there is one exhibition room now completely filled with canvasses, pen and ink sketches, and water colors, done by George and Catherine Seideneck.

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The Arts . . .

DEIMOS (the inner self) before the astral laboratory, from "Sky Girl," opening at the Blanding Sloan Puppet Theatre in San Francisco on Augus first.

MODERNIST PAINTERS IN CARMEL

Imre Weisshaus has with him in Carmel some of the work of four Hungarian artists. Three, Lajos Beothy, Bela Kadar, and Hugo Scheiber, are painters. The sculptor, Istvan Beothy, is outstanding in the group. These men are modernists, experimenters. Their work shows sincerity and is interesting.

Weisshaus will arrange a public exhibition of these works in Carmel next month.

VICTROLA MUSIC

Commencing Friday evening, August second, a series of Orthophonic Recitals will be held at the Mona Mona tea room on Dolores. The recitals will be on Monday and Friday evenings at 8:30 o'clock. The Monday Evening concerts will be devoted to the works of not more than two composers, and will always include one complete symphonic number such as the "Brahms Quintet" or a Richard Strauss Tone Poem. The Friday Evening concerts will be made up of shorter numbers; excerpts from ballets and suites, dramatic scenes from the Opera, and instrumental solo numbers. The price of admission to these concerts is twenty-five cents or a dollar for six concerts.

The Music Arts Circulating Library will be conducted at the Tea Shop daily from two to three P. M. Several hundred records will be obtainable at a small rental.

THREADS OF FLAME

by Gobind Behari Lal
(Staff Writer "San Francisco Examiner")
—on his vacation

Nietzche and Mencken have written pithy aphorisms. Now, this sort of thing was done two thousand years ago by the Hindu Nietzches and Menckens, and they called these aphoristic flashes "Sutra"—meaning "Threads."

I think, the flame of thought is apt to spin out many little vivid threads of fire, in the mind of a sensitive newcomer to Carmel-by-the-Sea.

What champagne is it here, that so stirs the embryo of imaginative productivity?

"Beauty"—you say.

That is true: but not "beauty" in the trite sense of a haphazard collection of refreshing objects—water, wind, sands, blossoms, bare legs.

Still—let us give to "the cult of beauty" its fullest due. Start with this query: "What are the highest manifestations of the atmosphere of beauty? What was the most important contribution of the beauty cult?"

No one answer is necessarily the best. But, I am in the habit of inviting the Muse of History into the witness-box, and cross examine her.

In this case, History says: "When Keats minted those magic words, 'Beauty is Truth, and Truth is Beauty . . . That is all ye need to know,' he was voicing the echo of the Renaissance. It was during the Renaissance, which began in the Fifteenth Century in Italy, and then spread everywhere in Europe, that the 'cult of beauty' was brought to life again, after having been nearly dead during the Middle Ages. The very name 'Renaissance' meant 're-birth'; and that had a reference to the prevalent belief, that once before too, there had been such a brilliant age—'The Golden Age of Athens,' the age of 'burning Sappho,' of Plato and Pericles."

Very well, then, what does the cult of beauty, applied to Carmel, promise us, today? Another "Renaissance"?

Carmel! Carmel!—if I were another Shelley, I would write to thee an ode, more significant than the one Shelley wrote about the "skylark."

A bird—even the British skylark—is not

so throbbing as a vibrant city, a small city by the sea, particularly.

"Civilization" etymologically is related to "cities." The mood of certain cities (such as of Athens three to six centuries before Christ), or of Venice (Fifteenth Century A.D.) of Ujjain, India (Era of Vikrama jit, probably 1st century B.C. to 5th A. D.)—have been singularly important in the evolution of the most brilliant phases of our civilization.

What will be Carmel's contribution? This Carmel of the historic ancestry—descendant of those other magic cities "by-the-sea," Athens of 2500 years ago, Venice of 350 years ago—is not a place: it is an **opportunity,** a **challenge,** a **call!**

Carmelites, Carmelites: who are they, Wasters-by-the-sea, or Creators-beside-the-Ocean?

As these strange threads are spun in my mind, I dig my heels into the clean sands, and watch the tide of the violet waters, and then suddenly, a phantom appears. It is of a poet, whose brow is adorned with the wreaths of fame. I murmur—"Sterling." Yes, George Sterling was once a Creator, by the Carmel Sea. And, this phantom points toward the house built by Jeffers. Yes, Robinson Jeffers is a most striking figure.

* * *

One swallow does not make summer; nor one great poet a whole-cloth Renaissance.

But we mustn't pick on little, sweet Carmel too much, and too literally.

At bottom, what I'm thinking of, is something vaster, more fundamental than a local hope.

All California is imbued, at least the coast line, from San Francisco to San Diego, with an environmental suggestion, most favorable to high creative enterprises.

Down in Pasadena, and up near San Jose, at Mt. Hamilton, there are some astronomers and physicists who are opening new realms in science by their observation and theoretical work.

An astronomer like Hubble, the great nebulae-hunter. A physicist like Millikan, the investigator of cosmic rays. Younger scientists like Bowen . . .

Nor shall I forget literary creativeness on the planes of prose. And, you have a Jim Tully.

But, in literature (as Tully will tell you himself) the output is feeble here, compared to the corresponding achievements of the California astro-physicists, for instance.

However, the important consideration here is this: will these divergent golden threads unite and grow stronger? Will a genuine native Coast culture arise?—

The Spirit of History enquires this of all intelligent men and women who home along these Pacific Shores. This exhortation is echoed by the waves of Carmel, San Diego, San Francisco, of all the Coast:

"Ye cities that are near the great Pacific! Repeat and enlarge the glories of Athens and Venice and Genoa, and . . . other famous sea-coast towns.

"You face the Orient, and your back is to the Occident. Thus, you are the sentinels at the frontiers—nay, the custodians of the meeting points of so divergent and contrasted cultures as those of New England and China.

"It is a well recognized law of history, that human progress depends upon the meeting of striking cultures. Each culture is a body of habits—habits of thought and of action. In course of time, these habits become stale. Cultures grow stagnant and decay. Humanity's life is checked, thwarted, poisoned.

"But, when two cultures come into collision, both serve as critics of each other. By comparison with the ways of the alien culture, the native culture (or vice versa) is stimulated to thinking about itself. Then, it begins to change itself. It discards its weaker points. It even borrows the stronger points of its competitor. And since the same thing is done by the rival culture also, a general renovation of human habits takes place. The human spirit and energy are liberated. Then, new creative manifestations occur . . . That is a Renaissance."

Is this an idle parable?

I don't think so. I believe, that when Occidentals like Keyserling and Spengler draw the Westerner's attention to the ideals of the East, and when men like Hu Shih (Chinese modernist) ask their fellow Orientals to drink deeply of the wisdom of Modern Science (America and Germany are its main upholders)—I can't help feeling that something is brewing.

But, Keyserling is **not** on this Coast. What I want to know is: what is being done to enlarge the horizons of human sympathies, of human intellect (through science and criticism), of the sense of beauty (all arts) along the Pacific Shores? Perhaps, the Renaissance is already here, in the womb of time.

And, it may be that our thinking about it, talking about it, may not hasten its coming.

Yet, I believe such talk does help. Conscious striving towards certain ends must enhance the unconscious process, if that has already begun.

As a two-day-old Carmelite, I raise the cup of hope to that opportunity, that mood which Carmel arouses: the mood of new thinking, new feeling, new creative efforts, for the new world of larger horizons than were ever before known.

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Editorial . . .

THEY CANNOT BELIEVE IT

There is cruelty in the indifference of human beings to one another.

Last week we published in the Carmelite an account of conditions in American penal institutions. We described conditions in our own county jail, for which we are directly responsible, and which is not exceptional, but typical, except for the fact that we surpass in brutality in one respect,—we imprison our children with adults. (This is not the fault of sheriff or warden, but ours as citizens of Monterey County.)

We also published Anne Martin's account of prison conditions as she endured them twelve years ago. The point we were making was, that prison conditions **then and now** are essentially the same,—the principle of the prison is punitive, sadistic, and its purpose is to brutalize and break.

The response to these descriptive articles has been one of indifference stating itself as unbelief . . . "But we all know that prisons have reformed since 1917." !!!! The good citizen prefers not to have his mind disturbed with sordidness for which he must hold himself responsible, his comfort made restless and guilty.

The truth is, that prisons in the world are still administered upon the Old Testament principle of the wrathful and the jealous god,—an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth. Nay, we outdo Jehovah. Last week in Monterey a woman who had stolen a hundred and ten dollars was sentenced by the local judge to **six months in the county jail.**

The state does not ask why she stole a hundred and ten dollars. That is irrelevant, says the state in the year of our Lord 1929. It simply bares its teeth and snarls, and throws her into a cage in the darkness of the cell block.

There she must endure the maddening un-privacy of companionship at every hour of day night with horror. The prisoners are less brutal than the prison. That, inexorable and merciless, will have its will to break the heart and de-vitalize the body. Why does the prison choose to do this thing to human beings?

■ ■

In the case of the Monterey County Jail our responsibility is in one respect clear. The law forbids that children be confined with adults. Whether or not we interrupt our comfort and leisure long enough to consider effectively the matter of modern penological practice, it is unallowable for us longer to continue without a separate place for our juvenile cases. A lost child, a boy who has gotten caught stealing apples, or a young teen-age girl who suffers maladjustment with her surroundings,—thrown there is thrown into a sewer.

■ ■

We must have a separate Detention Home for Children.

■ ■

How to accomplish this?

Organize the public will.

Convince the County Supervisors of the demand.

That is all.

OUR LOCAL COLLEGE

The Junior College which was established at Salinas last year with Dr. R. C. Bentley as Dean, is open to students from Carmel.

The college has had the recognition from Berkeley which comes in the form of a scholarship there for one of the first five graduates from Salinas. The bearer of this scholarship enters the University of California with full junior standing, and answers the question whether Salinas is accredited.

A simultaneous recognition comes from Stanford,—the acceptance to full sophomore standing of a student who has spent one year at Salinas.

The Junior College at Salinas has some good teachers, and under the Deanship of a man of the calibre of Dr. Bentley, much capacity for honoring idealism.

Correspondence

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY

July 23, 1929.

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

In reply to your comments on July 10th, just one word more, since I can not hope to have the last word in a discussion with the Editor.

It was the Court of the State of Oregon who first spoke judicially as to the necessity of protecting by legislation the potential motherhood of the human race. That was twenty-five years ago. Its judgment was sustained by the United States Supreme Court and much of its language adopted by that Court, so that the idea and phraseology became a classic in relation to women in industry.

Ten years later the Oregon Court uttered language that is just as significant regarding the necessity of protecting by legislation **all workers** on the grounds of the actual needs of citizenship. In sustaining the constitutionality of the law limiting the hours of men and women in certain occupations, it was again supported by the United States Supreme Court. Whether, then, legislation is for the purpose of protecting potential mothers or actual citizens, the principle is the same. It goes to the protection of society. And if legislation is the worker's refuge, it is entirely justifiable to ask for equality—or, if you insist, "identity"—of legislation for all workers. As to actual or imminent motherhood, that is a different matter and stands on a different footing.

Falling into the argument personal, I may say that during the years of my heaviest work and responsibilities little satisfaction came to me from the knowledge that my potential motherhood was being protected when I needed dollars for the support and education of a family and those dollars came to me in a measurably smaller number because of the repercussion of the doctrine that the female of the human family is a less desirable employee.

Yours, with admiration of the Carmelite and its spirit, (what matters weakness in proof reading?)

Very sincerely,

Emma Wold

A Poem by Robinson Jeffers . . .

The world has many seas, Mediterranean, Atlantic, but here is the shore of the one
ocean.
And here the heavy future hangs like a cloud; the enormous scene; the enormous
games preparing
Weigh on the water and strain the rock; the stage is here, the play is conceived;
the players are not found.

I saw on the Sierras, up the Kaweah valley above the Moro rock, the mountain
redwoods
Like red towers on the slopes of snow: about their bases grew a bushery of
Christmas green,
Firs and pines to be monuments for pilgrimage
In Europe; I remembered the Swiss forests, the dark robes of Pilatus, no trunk
like these there;
But these are underwood; they are only a shrubbery about the boles of the trees.

Our people are clever and masterful;
They have powers in the mass, they accomplish marvels.
It is possible Time will make them before it annuls them, but at present
There is not one memorable person, there is not one mind to stand with the trees,
one life with the mountains.

JOHN B. JORDAN
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FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE IN LOS ANGELES

Because he admitted membership in the Young Workers' League, Max Rosenstein, a young student in Roosevelt High School, Los Angeles, was denied the right to graduate with his class last month. No objection was made to his scholarship or conduct as a student in the school.

Director Clinton J. Taft and Attorney Leo Gallagher of the American Civil Liberties Union, Southern California Branch, together with the boy's father, held a conference with Superintendent of Schools, Frank Bouelle. The latter admitted that no general ruling touching the matter of allowing Young Workers' League members to graduate from high schools of the city had been passed by the Board of Education, but intimated that by some sort of an understanding that was to be the policy followed hereafter. The ground on which they decided against young Rosenstein was the alleged subserviency of the League (a Communist organization) to Russia, a country which the United States does not recognize.

THE PRISON AS A CHARACTER BUILDER

By an ex-convict.

(Jack Black, the author of "You Can't Win," uttered these words recently before sociologists of the National Conference of Social Work. He has spent long terms as a convict in San Quentin and in Folsom penitentiaries in California.)

Once, as a boy, I was brought into a police station to be questioned by the captain. The prisoner who sat next to me on the bench was an old man.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked.

"Nothing much," I replied.

"Well," he said, jerking his head toward the captain's office, "Speech may be silver but silence is safety, around here."

I disregarded the sage's advise and in trying to convince the captain that he was wrong I talked myself into a lot of trouble.

From then on I practiced silence—got my vocabulary down well within a hundred words and kept it there. I never spoke except to say to a cop, "You've got me wrong."

I was invited out here to tell this convention, and incidentally to inform the universe, about prisons and prisoners; what they are and how they got that way, and what to do about it.

That's a big job for one man—too big for me, for I'm not yet quite sure how I got that way, and I've been thinking it over for the last fifty years. I'm here not as a speaker—rather as an exhibit in the case—a straw in the wind, if you like. I think my own case is fairly typical of the cases of thousands of boys who go to prison and leave it only to take up a life of crime. In studying my own case I think I have hit upon a clue—just a faint clue—and I'll submit it to you for what it is worth. That's what you're here for—clues. It is your business to explode them or develop them.

You all know that up to a certain age we all act upon instinct rather than reason. Some learn to reason earlier than others because of better home atmosphere and surroundings. They are the good boys. The others go on guided by instinct only. They steal, they fight, they abuse girls. To steal is to eat; to fight is to survive; and to rape is to reproduce—all instinctive, human instincts. There you have the so-called bad boys. Their acts are outlawed and sooner or later they are arrested, and then comes conflict with the police. Parole or probation may follow, but not having learned to reason, the boy goes on with instinct as his only guide. Then the day comes when he is sent to a prison or reformatory—there's little difference. In prison he thinks over his experience with the police—with the courts. They were very bitter.

He thinks over his reception by the prison keepers.

Now, then, what happens? He reasons wrongly, of course, because he has nothing but the wrong to reason about. He thinks, but he thinks wrong because he began reasoning and thinking **in a prison. He** acquires wrong and bad **mental** habits. and when he leaves the prison you have a criminal and a criminal who will be hard to reform **because he has wrong mental habits.**

I'm sure there's something wrong with our prisons. Some intelligent people say that the officers and guards should be reformed before they try to do anything with the prisoner. Confucius said "Men differ only a little from the animal." I can testify from my own experience that jailers try to separate a man from the "little" when he gets to jail.

George W. Wickersham says that experience had proved that while to shut a man in prison for crime might deter others from law-breaking so far as the immediate offender was concerned, the chances are that by subjecting him to prison influences Society has created an habitual offender and had saddled itself with a pensioner for life.

My statements must be carefully weighed, because when an ex-prisoner talks or writes about prisons, police, prosecutors, etc., too often it is his wounds that are speaking.

What chance has the young boy at San Quentin with its three thousand prisoners milling around like cattle? What chance has he to acquire right mental habits? What chance has he at Jefferson City, at Statesville, at Leavenworth, or Atlanta?

—all big prisons. The dead weight of depravity pulls him down before his name is dry on the books.

It pulls down the guards, the officers, the wardens. The moment a man steps into prison he sheds all sense of responsibility, and nothing is done while he is there, to revive it. He knows that every jute bag he turns out at San Quentin is made at a loss to the state. He is taught nothing useful against the day of his discharge. It would be bad enough if he were standing still; but he is not. He is going backward and soon forgets the little he knew about getting along in the outside world. Things change so rapidly today that a mechanic who serves a term in prison must learn his trade over again, and besides that he has the handicap of the prison stigma. Even a bootblack must start all over as an apprentice; he finds new leather, new polishes, and new ways of applying them.

It's no surprise to me that so many men return to prison; the surprise is that they don't all go back. They are released without any money-sense, without any sense of responsibility, and they are as unfit to face the world with any honest endeavor as canaries released from their cage. They are stunned to find that the world has been going forward while they have been going back, and that life has gone by and left them on a side track —like a train leaving a tramp.

When I came out of San Quentin I was under a heavy obligation to Mr. Fremont Older, the well-known San Francisco editor, and to Judge Frank H. Dunne. After my fourth felony conviction these two men had the courage to take a chance on me and get a twenty-five year sentence changed to one year. When I came out I was in a hole; I was up against it. I was in hock to these men, and I had to go to work. Mr. Older gave me a job on his paper and I stuck to it. After a few years he dragooned me into writing a book. It was a success, and I have a good income from it. My friends at San Quentin and Folsom read it. Some of them said "If he can write a book, so can we." Shortly after, some very fine stories appeared and were snapped up by publishers. Then came two excellent books. Many prisoners began studying and clamoring for pens, paper and typewriters. Then, out of a clear sky, the California State Board of Prison Directors ruled that convicts would no longer be permitted to write anything for sale or publication.

Now (I hope I can say this without heat or passion) that order accurately reflects the attitude of almost every prison board in the United States. And still people wonder at crime. Here we have a seeming contradiction. Our prisons, instead of reforming prisoners, are geared and guaranteed to grind out criminals. I'll pass by the cruel and inhuman punishment, the iron discipline, the galling restraint, with a word: They send the prisoner out either as a homicidal maniac or a broken, petty thief, stealing doormats and milk bottles, and spending his life doing short sentences in small jails.

What to do about these prisons? Again, I don't know. It would be preposterous to suggest that they be split up into smaller prisons, holding groups of two hundred or three hundred, where officers of a different type could meet them more intimately and personally, and perhaps fit the prisoners for the job of living when they are discharged. Most of the inmates of the large prisons are already confirmed to a life of crime. This is a hard thing to say, but I think it's a practical thing; let us forget the confirmed criminals and turn to the raw recruits and perhaps stop these crime waves at their source. But the time is coming when you will say how and where they shall be confined or restrained. You will see to it that first offenders are not dumped into big prisons or reformatories, but into smaller places of restraint, in smaller units, where they can be scientifically corrected and instructed, and not be made to feel every hour of the day and night that they were born criminals and must die criminals.

You will see to it that in this restraint there will be no phase or suggestion of that jail life that forces the delinquent to lie and cheat and dissemble. You will see to it that each individual is looked over by a specialist as a doctor looks over a patient, and that the good germs are found and fed and developed and resistance is built up. You'll see to it that their keepers and instructors don't balk them for life, and beat them forever after for being balky.

Let us be done with cruelty, revenge and this tooth-for-a-tooth justice.

—Jack Black

CITIZENSHIP REFUSED TO MENNONITE NURSE

Martha Jane Graber, a Mennonite nurse, was refused citizenship by an Ohio judge on July 12 when she declared that while she would give her own life for her country, she could not take life. This was the second time she has been refused, and the American Civil Liberties Union will assist in an appeal.

Judge Fred C. Becker of the Common Pleas Court paid a tribute to the girl's character for her honest and sincere adherence to the Mennonite doctrine of non-resistance. It is because of the religious quality of Miss Graber's pacifism that an appeal to the United States Supreme Court will be made. The Constitution guarantees the right of religious freedom, and the state constitutions guarantee the right of conscience. It will be recalled that Mme. Rosika Schwimmer's objections to war were based on ethical grounds.

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7:30 to 9:30
Sunday, 8 to 10
35c 50c 75c

Lunch . . .
12 to 2
65c

Dinner . . .
6 to 8
$1.00 $1.25
Sunday Noon
Sunday Night Dinner
$1.25

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By appointment

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SEVENTH AND LINCOLN
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CHAUFFEUR with sixteen years' experience, now employed in Palo Alto, seeks position on Monterey Peninsula. Gilt-edge references furnished. Address "Chauffeur," care of The Carmelite.

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FOR SALE: Oldsmobile coupe. Good condition. $275. Telephone 293-J.

DRESSMAKING: and millinery. Hemstitching. Remodelling. Martha Coldewe. Farley Building on Dolores. Telephone Carmel 598.

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For appointments, telephone Monterey 179

Dr. Clarence H. Terry
Dentist
El Paseo Building
Dolores at 7th Street
Phone: Carmel 106

ARCHITECT

I have decided to build a house, a gigantic house. It is to be a sort of castle. I will be its lord. Many days I have pondered over plans. Morning and afternoon trucks arrive with large loads of construction materials. The framework of the house goes up, bricks are piled and cement is mixed.

Each day you may see me standing with my hands stuck carelessly in my pockets, surveying the work. I puff peacefully at my pipe. There is satisfaction. The subtle massiveness of a thought is being expressed in the walls that are slowly but surely arising. In a few days my house will be done. I shall be content then.

My house was completed many days ago. I spoke to myself for the first time in the manner of a man who has witnessed a great dream come true. I said, "At last my house is finished. Presently I shall move into it, and I think I shall be very happy."

As I stood admiring my house from a distance, a girl came running up to me in the dust of the road. Her legs were bare and free. The vagrant wind flurried her hair in all directions. At first she smiled at me, then laughed strangely.

She was youthfully beautiful. I wanted to lead her to the door of my house. But she would not come. She only laughed strangely again. I asked her why she laughed so. She answered, "You poor boy, who thought you were building yourself a castle to lord over.—You have built yourself a prison."

Now the newly erected house is being shaken and a wrecking crew dismembering it. There will be no more prison. I shall build no more houses or castles.

Anton Gud

INTERLUDE

While she awaited her week-end guest she busied herself putting the house in order. Fresh sheets on the bed. Fresh towels on the bar. (She wanted to be alone. It was a pity there must be a guest just now.) Pineapple and cottage cheese ordered from the grocer, because Peggy liked those. (Her heart lay strangely heavy.) Before the mirror she powdered away the tired look. And an extra dash of color. Then the sound of the car outside. Peggy dismounted with her bag.

" 'lo, Peggy," Her tone was hearty and casual. They were old college friends. It was not good form to gush.

" 'lo, Mary. How are you?"

She braced herself slightly to the evasion and the searching look.

"I'm fine. Come in. I'll take the bag. We'll have an early supper, and you can tell me about everything."

(Everything? But she did not want to know. She did not care to tell. Life is a private matter. And pain is private. The inner loneliness demands to be left alone.)

"Saw Virginia and Henry down south." Peggy was unpacking her neat bag. Silk underwear. Things fitted into compartments. "They're just back from New York. She sent you their best."

"How was Virginia? Will she make a go of it, do you think?"

"O so-so. They'll manage. You'll see."

(The game is, to hide the pain and cultivate the off-hand tone.)

"And Henry doing well?"

The evening spun along. The simple supper was prepared while the chat continued. The table set by the fire. The candles lit. Reminiscence and comment, sliding from one topic to the next,—never touching the real. Somebody's good luck in a business ventrue. Somebody else gone to Europe. Comment on old friends and the way their lives stood still. New books. A little concerning their own achievements. What Peggy would do with her aunt's little legacy.

At last the evening died. Peggy rose and stretched herself.

"Tired, Peggy?"

(We have said nothing tonight. Nothing. There's nothing I want to say or tell. the mind in its boredom; the heart in its pain.)

The chat ran on between rooms while they undress. Pink lingerie. Point lace in Peggy's nightgown. ("But is she getting too heavy? Forty soon. Proud of my slimness") Bath and bathsalts. Sweet warm odors. Soft light at the head of the bed. Well-being and the sense of the body's luxury. The sheet laid back. Slip into the white coolness.

"Mary . . . " The lights are out and goodnights said. The voice comes half sleepily from the other room. "Don't you ever feel lonely, living like this?" "Lonely?" (O, if one could die of pain) "Why I'm so awfully busy you know. I

really don't have time to think whether I am or not. And I see so many people all the time . . ."

"O well . . . yes, I s'pose so. Well, goodnight."

(The welcome solitude of the dark. The ache stilled in sleep. The peace fatigue brings, peace until morning.)

Then suddenly again day. Again casual chatter. Things to do. People. The telephone ringing. A picnic. Tea at Rhoda's. A little unimportant philandering. Unsyncopated rhythms of polite living.

At last . . . at last.

The guest is gone.

The door is shut. The tears may burst, the heart admit its pain.

How good, how good, to weep, until sorrow has uttered itself fully; letting sorrow itself comfort sorrow; the harshness of pain wash itself away in the flood, into the quiet of utter exhaustion.

TOTEM POLES

R. BRUCE INVERARITY

Those tall straight poles, that loom
Against the western sky
The sunset glow wreathes in
Heart blood colors,
The strange figures of yesterday
Stand, gaze and see not today.

The Raven sits on top staring down
At the Bear who squats below.
The bear in turn is supported by
The whale, dark green, and lo
The serpent ties them all
Into a cedar pole
Painted in reds, greens and blacks
And set on a tiny knoll.

LEGAL NOTIFICATION

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN:

That on Monday, August 5th, 1929, the 1929 ASSESSMENT ROLL, duly completed as required by Ordinance No. 11 of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, will be open to the public.

NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN:

That on Monday, August 12th, 1929, the Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea will sit as a BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

Signed: SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk

[SEAL]

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No wonder that women using electricity for cooking are turning to electricity for heating water.

"JUST keeping up with the times," says Grandma Collins, "I am one of the many new users of the electric range. I was just over at the PG and E's office and they told me one-thousand five-hundred of their customers will get electric ranges this May and June."

The electric range gives a beautiful, clean kitchen and perfect baking to women who love modern methods.

The electric range has white and gray porcelain enamel that makes kitchens attractive. It bakes perfectly. And it does it automatically. The oven heats up to 400 degrees in 9 to 11 minutes—as fast as one can mix biscuits. The open or closed cooking elements are now made smaller to fit your pans. Heat that was formerly wasted goes to work. Food cooks faster, less electricity is used.

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THE CARMELITE

SUMMER VISITORS' SECTION

JULY 31, 1929

GRATIS

BLANCHE TOLMIE

DIRECTING THE CHILDREN'S PLAY "PINOCCHIO" AT THE FOREST THEATER

PINOCCHIO

Th children of Carmel are busy as bees this summer. They are working on the Forest Theater play, Pinocchio, to be produced in August. They take their responsibilities seriously. They are doing all the work themselves. Miss Tolmie is only directing!

There is a stage crew of strong-muscled boys,—Bernard Watson, Ralph James, John Nye, and Ronald Soucey. They move the heavy stage sets and arrange tables and benches. Miss Tolmie does not move a chair. If she merely looks as though she'd like one moved, a strong young pair of arms is ready.

Happiness accompanies the hard work of rehearsals.

A little boy comes up. "I didn't know about the play till today, Miss Tolmie. Could I have a part?"

So Miss Tolmie writes in a line for him.

"And could you make a part for my little brother?"

Miss Tolmie adds another word,—and lo, another part.

Henry Albee, in charge of the properties and playing the part of Mr. Cherry the carpenter, had a problem. The trouble was, that he couldn't whistle.

So he asked if he couldn't sing instead while he is at his bench whittling wood. That would be all right, said Miss Tolmie, but what would he sing?

He offered to compose a song. Now he is working on his song from morning till night, using a milk bottle in place of the table-leg he will use on the stage.

Patty Johnson is prompter, and Mollie Darling assistant prompter; and Janie Hopper wants to come home from her vacation back to Carmel.

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DAY OR
NIGHT

DOROTHY DOBBS AT THE SAN CARLOS STABLES

I had seen—

Cowboys draped nonchalantly over the hitching-rail;

Cigarettes lighted with a flick of one finger while the other nine laced stirrup leathers, adjusted throat-latches, and other odd trifles;

Slim flanks brushed to a shining softness in a brief moment.

I had heard—

"Hey, get on over; what's the matter with you?"

Smack! of hand on flank;

A snort, a side step:

"Whaddeya think this is! Get over!"

Smack! on goes a ladies' stock, or small stock, or McClellan, or a flat.

Duck, up with the cinch, on with a bridle, and off with a rider, No, I don't mean that either. Off with, meaning to go away from the barn.

And then, I tried it. Whew! Smart young equestriennes (city style) look on and I endeavor to drape, flick, smack, shout raucously, as if I'd done it fifty times, instead of never.

I haul out a great huge stock saddle tooled intricately in a design of leaves and flowers. I adjust the blanket; a mighty heave, ah-ha! I have achieved a smack! sweet patient animal gr-r-r-umps and jumps. The cinch is laced, properly knotted. I had learned that, thank Heaven.

Now the bridle. I review hastily my meagre vocabulary. My right arm rests lovingly on the sweet patient animal's neck, my left hand grasps the bit, with an apparent air of nonchalance. Vocabulary review works furiously. The S. P. A. raises his head mildly just out of reach. His teeth remain tight-clenched. Vocabulary review works more violently. I repeat. Ah, the teeth open, the bit slips in, I fasten the throat-latch, smile sweetly, and say, "All right, there you are."

Two or three more go out and then a pause to drape and smoke. Well, cowboys can drape. But I got creases. So I leaned against the door in what I fancied to be a pose of extreme nonchalance.

"Hey, come on and water and blanket 'em now."

I un-pose, and leap to the task. I shout hoarsely. Well, you know what I mean.

"Shove over," say I, and she shoves. I back her out, lead her to the water. She nuzzles it gently, sprays me copiously with a backward flip of her head. Back she goes. So on.

One portly matron rolled a frenzied eye at me as I picked up a blanket. She shook. I calmed her with sweet nothings and soft stroking. On with the blanket. I learned afterward that I should have been eaten alive. She doesn't know blankets and doesn't like 'em at all. Oh, well!

And so to bed. Whew!

STOCK COMPANY RESTS AT THE HIGHLANDS

Extending the ordinary one-hour interval to several weeks, several players who have been presenting Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" in San Francisco are staying at Highlands Inn before going south with the production.

"EVANGELINE"

Set against the background of wave-spray on Monterey peninsula, the moving picture "Evangeline," embroidering the plot set down by history and one Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was indeed moving.

How is it that so significant a presentation of facts is allowed by our censors? The brutality of an armed force breaking the hearts and destroying the homes and lives and simple human beings is here shown. It is as moving as "Potemkin." Moving because true. Soldiers who have become automatons of obedience will trample their own brothers when the order comes.

With all the materials of an art at hand, when will the moving picture make consistent use of its opportunities? The music which is mechanically provided as accompaniment to "Evangeline" includes some charming and authentic folk-songs out of the period in which the story was set. **AND ALSO** (o why?) the tawdry tunes of our own generation.

AMERICAN CARAVAN

An interesting caravan drove into Carmel the other day. It belonged to Miss Mildred Ring who is in the Indian Service. Miss Ring is Indian Agent on the Piute Reservation at Pyramid Lake near Reno. These Indians, she says, are among the most difficult to supervise. They are not as friendly as some of the other tribes and she is constantly faced with serious problems concerning their welfare.

The courts are now co-operating with her, however, and many valuable changes have been made for sanitation, health and peace.

The caravan had seven occupants. Miss Ring herself, her nephew, and two students, one of whom is the Indian girl Josephine; the other a trained nurse.

Added to this there are two dogs and a cat. These seven make the caravan their home during the summer and a very comfortable home they find it. They have a radio, complete living quarters, a locker for each, and cooking conveniences which ensure a good meal wherever the driver decides to camp.

Last summer the caravan drove from Nevada across the mountains to Humboldt county and this year the trip will extend into Southern Oregon.

at carmel inns . . .

Not so long ago the John Jordans were guests of the Campionis in Italy. Now, with Doctor John Sampson of the Fairmont, San Francisco, Mr. Albert Campioni—son of the president of the Italian Hotel Owners' Association, and this year assistant manager at the Fairmont—is visiting Mr. Jordan at Pine Inn.

Doctor and Mrs. G. Dock of Washington, D.C., are staying at Pine Inn. Mr. Dock is a nationally known diagnostician.

Also at Pine Inn are Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Grant, Junior. Mrs. Grant was Louise Kelsey of Carmel.

■ ■

At Sea View Inn are Miss Barbara Hale and Miss Madeleine Ulman of San Francisco; Harold A. Wey, New York City; Miss C. B. Colley, Bakersfield, and Miss Patricia Colley; Clifair Durgan of San Jose; M. S. Hickman and L. J. Hickman, both of San Jose; Alice M. Graham of Oakland; Emma J. Chase of San Jose; and John O. Thomas of Palo Alto.

■ ■

Among guests at La Ribera are Miss C. Lovell, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Jones, Lemon Cove, California; R. A. Hurst and E. V. McIntosh, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Maude of Los Angeles; Warren Doble, Emeryville, California; H. M. Barclay, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Latham of Palo Alto; Mrs. Harold M. Smith and daughter, and Mrs. Charles R. Bell of Redwood City; Mrs. M. P. Spencer, Santa Monica; Mr. A. E. Bigger, Oakland; H. L. Pelton, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bentley, San Francisco; and Neal C. Hotaling of Santa Barbara.

Kurt Heyman, owner of the Gotham Shop, Palo Alto, is staying at La Ribera.

■ ■

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Forsythe of Fresno, who used to stay in the Jorgensen home before it became Hotel La Playa, are at La Playa over the week end, where Doctor and Mrs. R. G. Greenaugh, with Miss Leslie Greenaugh and Doctor W. H. Smith, all of prominence in Boston, Massachusetts, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Means of San Francisco for a few days this past week. Mrs. U. H. Banker and Miss S. H. Banker, with Miss Rita Keon, on a motor trip from New York City, stopped over at La Playa recently and are now on their way to San Gabriel. Mrs. Robert Davis, house manager of the Town and Country Club, San Francisco, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert Ford of Merced. Among other guests of note are Mrs. E. H. Collins, Miss Betty Marian Collins and Miss Edna Griggs, all from Walkerville, Ontario; and Mrs. P. H. Gohn and Miss Virginia Gohn of Alameda, California, sister of Mrs. Fenner of Carmel.

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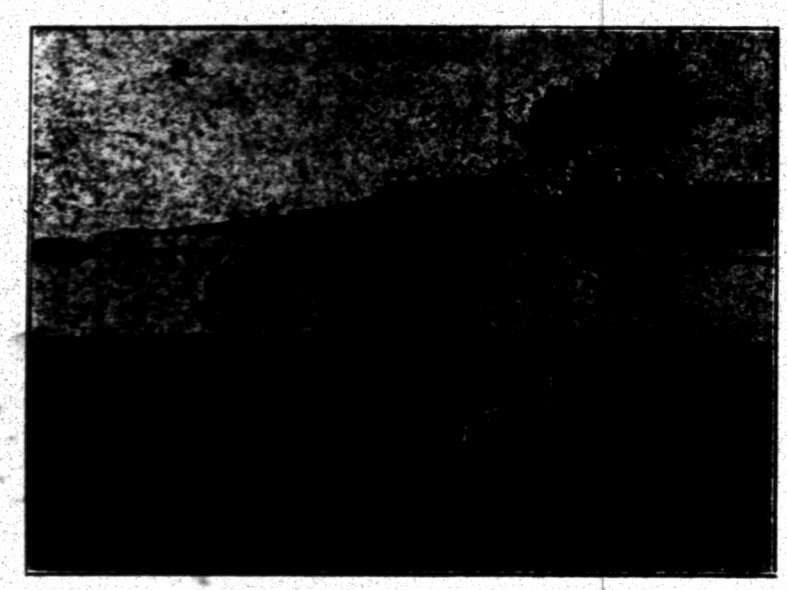

ON THE CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF COURSE AT PEBBLE BEACH

AT ASILOMAR

Princess Ataloa, an American Indian from the Chickesaw Tribe is at Asilomar this week. Ataloa, meaning "Little Song," was the name given her by her grandmother, who must have had a sense of prophecy in naming her. For the Princess, since receiving her M. A. degree from Columbia University, has dedicated her life to the interpreting of the original Americans.

A twentieth century vagabond—she travels from state to state, singing Indian folk songs and telling Indian legends.

Her programs are sheer works of art. She begins by telling simply and in a few words, something of the nature of the Indian. A few songs, sung with genuine feeling and pathos, are woven in and out through her program, and she ends by telling some delightful tales of how things came to be that have been handed down from generation to generation.

Because the Indian will not be treated as an intellectual equal by the white people until he has received and absorbed the culture of the white people, Ataloa believes that education is the only solution to the Indian problem. She says that there will continue to be a problem of this sort, until competent teachers are placed in well equipped schools for Indians. A thorough education and contact with both Americans and Europeans will make the Indian an equal with the white man.

Pain!
That stops, and sears and goes away again!
Tearing, rending, screaming, in maniacal glee
Withdrawing, muttering, in thunderous vibrant distance
Crouching, it stirs again
Gathering force, descending, clutching again, again, again!

Dorothy Dobrzensky

peninsula panorama

hoof-beats on the road at midnight. a horse escaped from his paddock, galloping in free splendor under the moonlight.

■ ■

three ladies sitting on the carmel beach at three in the afternoon, elegantly being served sandwiches and iced drinks by a filipino butler.

■ ■

on the same beach at the same hour, prostrate humps of siesta-takers, who occasionally heave over on the other side in order to bake themselves an even copper-color.

COUSIN TO THE MONKEY

Up at the garage the other morning, a crowd went into a huddle. I peered over the edge. A man had an ouistiti.

(Yes, that's what I thought. But it wasn't.)

It was a funny little South American animal distantly related to the marmoset. It jumped on my shoulder and whistled a clear, little song in my ear. Its grey and white fur, smoky-orange at the base, was silken-soft. The long, flat tail was ringed in grey and white. Its fingers were black and expressive. It was tiny.

It likes quiet and dignity. It will lift its little paw to slap the face of a shrill and noisy human being.

The man in whose car this ouistiti is travelling, had seen such an animal in the collection brought from the southern hemisphere by the Field Museum Expedition. He "ordered" one; but at first only a marmoset was obtainable. At last, after search and struggle, Madame Ouistiti and her two babes arrived. The mother established her family in the quarters provided, but herself at first frantically strained to escape.

Now however all is well.

She has consented to stay put.

THE BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN DANCE-RITUAL

D. Rudhyar

The past two seasons have been so dull in New York as far as music and the ordinary theatre are concerned that it is with exceedingly great joy that one has to acknowledge a spring of great vitality and promise in that stone and iron desert. The Dance has been renewed, reborn. The second act of a great artistic birth-drama in America has begun.

The first act opened with the appearance of three women-pioneers: Isadora Duncan, Loie Fuller and Ruth St-Denis. Most people know of their work, though the part played by Loie Fuller has not yet been fully appreciated. They took elements from Europe; they gave back infinitely more than they took, and they started a movement which has been increasing in momentum ever since.

The second act of the renascence has begun. Though its protagonists have not all been in contact with Europe and the new German dancing, it is obvious that what has been happening there during the last few years has not been without influencing them; but the work produced in New York seem to have a strange quality of intense and living strength, of pure and rich power which may be lacking in the more artificial and intellectual expressions of the German dancers.

The two most important figures in New York today, leading apparently the forces of progress toward a goal which becomes every year clearer, though it is far from being entirely clear as yet, are Martha Graham and Doris Humphrey. There are others whose personalities are growing ever more striking and interesting, like for instance Agnes de Mille and Tamiris, but the two above mentioned are not only dance-personalities in themselves, they are besides creators of new art manifestations which far transcend their own performances. They work with groups; they work with ideas and pure forms; they are going toward new syntheses of arts. They have become racial forces.

Martha Graham is a personality of strangely compelling power and vitality. Entirely unlike Isadora Duncan as she is, yet she may play—in this second act of the dance-renascence—somewhat the part played by her erratic and inspired predecessor. She is a dancer, essentially, instinctively. She is so in her blood and nerves, in her strange diaphanous body. She is vitality streaming in dance-rhythm; powerful, emotional, magical rhythms. Because she is such she has brought forth a new type of dance-motions, a new sense of body-rhythm, of body utterance. Her gestures are utterances. Life and the new earth, this American earth she loves and with which she communes in her westward pilgrimage every summer, cry out their being through her and the groups she dynamizes with her own intensity.

Doris Humphrey is more impersonal and mental. She organizes masses and lines of bodies; she sees gestures as entities-in-themselves; she composes dances. Her vision is cosmic, geometrical; not as much a life-born impact as Martha Graham's. She is essentially a director, an organizer. In this sense she is more comparable to Ruth St-Denis, whose mentality has unfortunately been frustrated by the necessities of life.

These pioneers face great difficulties in New York. They have no theatre, no adequate way of appearing to the general public. Sunday night performances are about the only ones opened to them, and this against a stupid law so arranged that in order not to face arrest they must give part of their receipts to some charity.

In order to overcome these difficulties they are coming more and more together, united by a common need and a common basic goal. We hope that a real theatre of the Dance will soon be a reality. It would be the only living center of Art in New York, unless conditions change greatly. It would offer perhaps the only means whereby music could be regenerated.

Concert music is slowly dying. It is not impossible that the ordinary virtuoso concert in a commonplace concert-hall will be a relic of some barbaric past hundred years from now. It came into being with romanticism and the bourgeois life of the XIXth century, and is being killed by radio, talkies and the like. The new dancers need a new music; and they cannot find it. Even when a composer tries to work in close harmony with them, the music produced is almost impossible to perform adequately under present conditions.

Thus a complete change is necessary. A few leaders begin to recognize it, begin to think of new art-syntheses which would mean a complete reorganization of concert, theatres, operas, etc. . . . just as the the Wagnerian revolution meant such a reorganization. The Misses Lewisohn, founders of the Neighborhood Playhouse, have been working toward such a goal. Neither the goal nor the means may yet be clear to them, or to anyone else; but the will is there. Great realizations are bound to come within the next two decades; realizations which will be at last the utterances of the XXth century, which will be born out of the life of the American continent.

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THE FUMBLING LOVER

The sea knows the way to go about it.
The moon has taught the tide
The thousand subtle ways of mastery,
So that it neither lingers nor makes haste.
Knows when to come, and when to go.
When to drown the rebel shores in cool sweet rapture
When to leave them naked and alone.

I envy covered rocks
And all obliterate sands.
It would content me to be lost
In the swirl of shining waters,
Half light,
Half song.

Why are you not the sea?

—Jeanne D'Orge.

She sets the dish before him and he eats
With large complacent mouthfuls.
He never knows what goes into the cooking.
The delicate spice and savor of her soul
Slip by his gullet untasted.
Replete, he lights his pipe and thinks aloud,
Long unimportant thoughts about himself.
She stands
Between the tinkling clatter of the dishes
And his voice.

—Jeanne D'Orge.

PERRY DILLEY PUPPET THEATRE

Perry Dilley's two new productions, "Guignol Goes A-Fishing" and "The Emperor's New Clothes," add to the already well established reputation of the Perry Dilley Puppet Theatre for gentle satire and dramatic artistry.

"Guignol Goes A-Fishing" is a playlet done in the manner of the old puppet theatre of Lyons and involves the traditional characters of Guignol, Madelon, Gnafron, and the Gendarme.

Guignol is a financially irresponsible rogue who is continually getting himself and his friends into trouble. Madelon is his sharp tongued wife who is impatient of Guignol's chronic state of unemployment and his preference for the company of his crony, Gnafron. "Guignol Goes A-Fishing" is deliciously ridiculous and amusing.

"The Emperor's New Clothes" is a play with four scenes adapted from Hans Andersen's satirical fairy tale of the vain emperor who was outwitted by two crooks. The Lady Who Believes in Art is delightfully ludicrous in her attempt to find the cosmic in the commonplace. The Spanish dancer, an exquisite piece of wood carving with an enigmatic smile, is an outstanding character. Her beauty is the confusion of the crooks and the despair of a poet who constantly recites inferior poetry of his own writing.

Clever character portrayal, the subtle pattern of satire that has been interwoven with the naive plot, make "The Emperor's New Clothes" superior dramatically as well as humorously. It will appeal to the sophisticate as well as to the child.

The new stage is much larger than the one previously used and is ingeniously constructed so as to be collapsible for transportation. It has a permanent house set-piece at either end and a stage with two levels. The increase in size will allow greater scope in plot and action.

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BEACH COMBINGS FROM SAN PEDRO

Grant Leenhouts

(Grant Leenhouts is a youth of nineteen who has combed the beaches as a "dock-walloper" among the men he writes about. We publish this, not as literature, but as a slice of life.) This is not embroidered. It is how men live.)

The morning air was cold and foggy. The heavy smell of decaying fish drifted over from the fertilizer plant across the bay. Water dripped from the fire-escapes into the narrow alley. The dismal cold bit deep into the mass of water-front workers standing at the rear of the old brick building.

Every morning at seven o'clock these men meet at this so called, "Slave Market." It is a branch of the Marine Service Bureau, and is maintained by the Ship-owners' association as an employment agency. All of the longshoremen and sailors are hired through it. Each man is registered and given a number. The sailors are "shipped out" in rotation. The longshoremen are "picked" by "gang bosses," or hatchtenders. A gang is composed of nine men—a hatch tender. two winchdrivers, and six hold men, or "donkeys." The stevedoring companies keeps a few "steady" gangs and fill in during "hush" days.

Some two thousand of us were lined up, standing in little groups talking—the ship-men on one side, the "dock-wallopers" on the other. A blue haze of cigarette and pipe smoke mingled with the fog. Constant spurts of tobacco juice made the wet pavement even more slippery. The damp cold kept shirt sleeves busy wiping noses. Men from all walks of life stood waiting for "orders."

Tangle-foot-Gus, one of the head steve-dores came out, shifted a huge gob of snuff from his nether lip to his cheek, and informed us politely, "No work today, you bozos, go home!" Having delivered the foregoing ultimatum, he shuffled off down the alley.

"Can you beat that," said "Club-foot" Clark, a former railroad engineer.

Boot-nose-Davis, an old sea dog, sank his hook viciously into a discarded crate. "Another rotten week."

edBlack-Jack watched him go, "Ain't this a helluva place to come to?"

"Sure is a helluva place," agreed Clark.

"Aw, whatcha kicken about?" asked Boot Nose. "You guys know there ain't no job you can make the same dough, like here."

"Mebbe datsa righta, but harda work I nebber see lika dis." Dago Joe had joined us. Removing a half-smoked, Marco Petri

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Cigar from his mouth, he spat disgustedly.

"Aw, shut up, Wop!" spanned Boot Nose. "It's guys like you wots spoilen this beach. Work night'n day, put it in the sock. Purty soon go to the old country, ay?"

"I bet he brings the boss's wine. How about it, Dago?" asked Clark.

"No speaka to me lika dat."

"Hey vap," Steam-Beer had rejoined us. "Keep you yarbla mout shut. You is talkin' to vite mins."

"Atta boy, Charley. Keep 'im in his place."

"Yah, dim vaps is yust almost as bat as da Limeys."

"Yep, next to Limeys, I hate wops worst." Clark agreed.

"Yah, Limeys is vorser."

"How about the Chinks and Japs?"

"Chinks and Yaps is nice people if you left 'im alone."

"Like hell!" Blurted Boot Nose. "One time I wuz on the beach in Shanghai. Me an' my partner got drunk an' lost the ship. For t'ree days we didn't get nothin' to eat. Then we gets wind of a big Chinee funeral. Thim funerals is big affairs . . . speshily when a Mandarin croaks. Bringen up astern of the procession, wuz a cart loaded wid chow . . roast chicken, roast ducks, roast pork, an' rice. Then there wuz ten crocks of Sam Chewey, you know that rice whiskey? Boy, what a jolt dat junks got. Well, we drifts aroun' an' brinks up in the wake, an' follows out to the buryin' grounds.

"We wuz just gettin' a good start when along comes four more beach combers. We bein there first acted as hosts. Them guys had been comen' out there regular is seems, an' knew all the ropes. So after eatin' an' drinkin' all the Sam Chewey we could hold, we decides to dig up dis here chink.

"Sometimes they bury money wid them guys. What use can a dead Chink have for money? None at all!

"Well, we'd just got good and started diggin' up this here Chinaman, when a whole gang of dem heathins cum after us, for no good reason at all. I never did see none of thim guys agin.' If it hadn't of been I wuz a good runner I might 'uv been there yet. A white man's got no bizness over there."

"You said it, thim guys get treated too good over here."

"Yep, a white man's got no bizness there, alright."

"Well, I'm goin' home, s'long."

"S'long, see yuh tomorrow."

"Yeh, see yuh tomorrow."